# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI


### THE MILKY WAY.

Evening has come, and across the skies,
Out through the darkness that quivering dies,
  Beautiful, broad, and white,
Fashioned of many a silver ray
Stolen out of the ruins of day.
Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,
  Built by the architect Night.

Dim with shadows and bright with stars
Hung like gold lights on invisible bars,
  Stirred by the wind's low breath,
Rising on ghostly, unseen pillars of gray,
Perfect it stands, like a tangible way
Binding To-morrow with Yesterday,
  Reaching from Life to Death.

Dark show the heavens on either side,
Soft flows the blue in a waveless tide
  Under the silver arch.
Never a footstep is heard below,
Echoing earthward, as, measured and slow,
Over the bridge the still hours go,
  Bound on their trackless march.

Is it a pathway leading to heaven
Over earth's sin-clouds, rent and riven
  With its supernal light,
Crossed by the souls of those who have flown
Stilly away from our arms, and alone
Up to the beautiful great white throne
  Pass in the hush of night?

Is it the road that our wild dreams walk,
Far beyond reach of our waking talk,
  Out to the vague and grand,
Far beyond Fancy's broadest range,
Out to the world of marvel and change,
Out to the mystic, unreal and strange,
  Out to the Wonderland?

Is it the way that the angels take
When they come down by night to wake
  Over the slumbering earth?
Is it the way the faint stars go back
When the young day drives them off from his track
Into the distant, mysterious black
  Where their bright souls had birth?

What may it be? Who may certainly say?
Over the shadowy Milky Way
  No human foot hath trod.
Ages have passed, but, unsullied and white,
Still it stands, like a fair rainbow of night,
Held as a promise above our dark sight,
  Guiding our thoughts to God.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## SIMEON PINGREE'S CHANCE.

A group of men was gathered in Elijah Wiswell's store, which was also the post-office. A debate was in progress, and, as usual, Simeon Pingree had the floor. He was a long, loose-jointed, shock-headed specimen of humanity, with so large an Adam's-apple in his long, lean throat as to continually excite surprise that he was not choked by it; and huge feet upon which he had a way of uneasily shuffling to and fro.

Sim had inherited from his father the trade of a shoemaker, but had long ago decided that it was not sufficiently "intellectooal" for him. Occasionally the inhospitable spirit manifested by his neighbors when he was "a-passin' by, and kind o' dropped in" to take his meals with them, drove him to the uncongenial pursuit just long enough to "set the pot a-b'ilin'." To keep it boiling was not in the line of Sim's ambition; after a day or two of effort he fell back into his old ways with an air of supererogatory merit.

His neighbors, who did not appreciate his "intellectooal" views, regarded him as lazy and "shiftless," and openly pointed him to the poor-house as his inevitable destination. "As good-for-nothing as Sim Pingree," was the height of invidious comparison in the village. But though he was of so small practical worth, Sim had a "flow of language" which caused his society to be much sought, and won for him a certain kind of respect. It was generally conceded that if he had been possessed of "sprawl" (the common synonym for energy in Greenhollow), and a little more "book-larnin'," Sim might have been a schoolmaster; and there were a few who even went so far as to think he could get the better of the minister in a theological discussion, whichever side he might take; but this opinion was generally thought sacrilegious, and those who held it were looked upon with mournful suspicion as being inclined to infidelity.

The discussion had begun with theology to-day, and gradually wandered down to luck and chance—subjects upon which Sim was always sure to "run off an idee."

"There was a man that I come acrost up to Gorham more'n twelve year ago that give me some idees that I hain't never forgot," said Sim, his hand buried deep in his trousers pockets, and his feet shuffling an accompaniment to his words. The more excited Sim grew, the more energetic became his shuffling; on the rare occasions when he preserved silence, the motion was feeble and monotonous. "He was an all-fired smart feller. The lightnin' calkerlater, nor the funny feller that was here with the show last summer, wa'n't a circumstance to him. He was in the show business too; fact is, most of the tarlent nowadays is a-traveling on the road. I've sometimes had an idee of turnin' my own tarlents to account that way, but the chance hain't never seemed to come along. And I'm one o' them that believes in a man's bein' sure of his chance. Some time or 'nother it's bound to come. That's the doctrine that this feller preached. Hazlitt—Eph Hazlitt—his name was; and smart! He'd swaller snakes as quick as look at 'em; a boy-constructor wa'n't no more'n a comf'table mouthful for him! Edicated? He wouldn't have thought nothin' of makin' a dictionary or an almernick if he had 'a felt so inclined. Kind of a slim, pigeon-breasted feller, too, but terrible hearty to his victuals. He was a master-hand for lotteries, and such kind of resky business, and it alwers turned out well; seemed as if he hadn't nothin' to do but to put out his hand and haul in the money. Made me think of a King that I'd read of somewhere in furrin parts, that everything he took holt of turned to gold. I hadn't never took no stock in the story—them stories about furrin parts is mostly deceivin'—and it didn't seem to stand to reason, but when I see Eph Hazlitt I begun to think mebbe 'twa'n't so big a lie, after all. Says I to Eph, says I, 'Cur'us what a run of luck you have, ain't it?' 'No,' says Eph, says he, 'it ain't cur'us at all. It's in the nater of things. I've been failin' for a long time, and it was time that my luck come. It had ought to 'a come last year, accordin' to the law o' probabilerties; it was bound to come this year, as sure as two and two make four.' Well, I kind of laughed it off as a joke, or a figger of speech, as you might say, but he went on, and reasoned it out to me till 'twas jest as clear as daylight. You see, there's jest about so much ill luck goin', and one is bound to get through with a man and let t'other have its turn some time or 'nother. Eph he'd reasoned all out about hisn, jest like the multiplication table, but I never had no head for figgers. But I had wit enough to see that what he said was true on gineral principles."

"How you gom' to account for the bad luck that follers some folks all their lives?" said, in a querulous voice, a dejected, wizened little man named Zachariah Avery, and called uncle by everybody, although he was nobody's uncle in reality. Uncle Zach had fallen from the proud position of stage-driver, lower and lower by degrees, until he had become a permanent guest in the low, straggling, dingy building which gave shelter to the town poor.

"A man has got to have wit enough to see when his chance comes along; that's where the differkilty comes in," said Sim. "There's a good many that ain't got understandin' enough to know that it's sure to come, so they get terrible discouraged with their poor luck, and are afraid to take holt of anything even if it does look promisin'."

"Mebbe I'd better 'a went shares raisin' hogs with 'Liph'let Junkins when he wanted me to," said Uncle Zach, in a plaintive voice; "but folks they told me that 'Liph'let was a terrible hand to git all the fat, and leave the lean for other folks, and I calkerlated that would be dretful poor business so fur forth as hogs was consarned."

"And then there's other folks that ain't got the sense to wait till their chance comes along," pursued Sim, ignoring this interruption. "And them kind is terrible apt to make slightin' remarks about them that don't care about goin' through with all the failures that belongs to 'em in the nater of things, but follers Proverdential leadin's, and keeps a good lookout for their chance."

"A Proverdential leadin' to set and twiddle your thumbs is dretful apt to lead to the poor-house," said Elijah Wiswell, the store-keeper, a brisk little man, who was suspected of great energy in the matter of sanding sugar.

"I never see my way clear to haul them logs for Abijah Sprowl for three and ninepence a day, though I done it. Mebbe there was where I missed my chance," murmured Uncle Zack, who evidently accepted Sim's theory with profound faith, and was looking back all along the track of his enterprises to discover traces of the chance he had lost.

"You must be all beat out waitin' for that chance of yourn, Sim," said Jim Durgin, who prided himself on being the wit of the village. "I expect it'll get here 'long with the millennium, or Cy Underhill's machine that's goin' to pull weeds and never touch the plarnts. Cy has been to work on that nigh upon fifty year now, and he ain't a mite discouraged."

"He might just as well 'a been takin' things kind of easy all them fifty years," said Sim, ignoring Jim Durgin's personal inquiries. "He'd ought to 'a found out long ago that he was jest a-wrastlin' with fate, and fate was bound to win. Like enough his chance has come joggin' his elbow time an' ag'in while he was t'ilin' away on that ere machine, and he's shet his eyes to it, or fairly gin it a h'ist out o' the winder. That's where the intelleck comes in; bein' an onintellectooal man, Cy has done a terrible sight of hard work, and missed his chance. And he wouldn't be apt to see it now if 'twas p'inted out to him. He can't believe in nothin' but that pesky machine. And there's a sight of folks in this communerty that's got their understandin' darkened through settin' too much by stiddy days' works. They don't darst to leave 'em, for fear o' gittin' into the poor-house, not if their chance comes along and yanks 'em by the hair of the head. But, la! you can't expect everybody to be intellectooal; it ain't in the nater of things."

"Well, you won't forget us poor fellows when your chance comes along, will you, Sim?" said Jim Durgin.

The mail-bag arrived at that moment, and created a diversion.

"I was calkerlatin' to go home and set my dinner pot a-b'ilin'," said Sim, "but I guess, as long as the mail's got in, I may as well wait and see if there's any letter for me."

The men all laughed at this, Sim's standing joke, for he had never been known to have a letter; but their laughter was soon changed to exclamations of astonishment, for the postmaster called, "Here *is* a letter for you, Sim, as sure as you're born." And he came out from behind the partition which shut the post-office in sacred privacy from the store, in a state of great excitement. Sorting the remaining contents of the mail-bag was not to be thought of until curiosity concerning Sim's letter was gratified.

Every feature of Sim's face seemed distended with astonishment. He took the letter tenderly between his thumb and forefinger, and looked at it in silence, at the superscription and the post-mark alternately. There was no doubt about it; the address was: "Simeon Pingree, Esq., Greenhollow, Maine." The postmark was almost illegible. The crowd waited in respectful silence while Sim struggled to decipher it.

"Californy!" he exclaimed, at last, bringing his hand down upon his side with a resounding thump. "Cur'us if my chance had come long now, wouldn't it?"

"Some advertisin' cirkler—minin' stock or somethin'. They've found out that you are a capitalist, Sim, and want to get you to invest," said Jim Durgin.

"Or mebbe they want a man of tarlents for president of a minin' company," suggested Elijah Wiswell.

"Mebbe it's from your girl," said one of the boys. But his jest was immediately frowned down, for Sim's sweetheart, Cynthy Jane Reynolds, had deserted him and married his brother, and this disappointment was thought to have had something to do with Sim's queerness.

Sim proceeded to open the letter slowly and cautiously. He read it aloud, picking his way laboriously along, while his audience listened in breathless silence.

FRIEND SIMEON (It ran), this is hopein' to find you alive and to say that I am enjoyin' the same blessin'. And likewise have had a run of luck, after I'd begun to think 'twa'n't never comin'. I've struck a vein of silver that's goin' to make my fortin sure, if it pans out anything at all as I calkerlate now, and I want an honest man to come and help me keep it away from these sharpers that are as furce as wolves after it. I write to you fust of anybody because I ain't forgot the good turn you done me lickin' the school-master, and takin' care of me when I had the fever, and nobody else comin nigh me. I send a check that will pay your expenses gettin' here, and I hope you'll let me know pretty quick whether you're a-comin.' Yours to command,

CYRUS BARKER.

P. S.—You can be sure their wa'n't never nothin' like it for a chance to make a fortin.

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"Well, Sim, I begin to b'lieve there is somethin' in your figurin' after all," said Elijah Wiswell, scrutinizing the check. Elijah was a practical man, and knew that brilliant prospects were often delusive, but the check impressed him.

"Well, I never had no head for figgers, and mebbe that's the reason I'm to the bottom of the heap," said Uncle Zach, mournfully. "Gran'ther he always said a man's luck lay in his bumps."

"Just my luck that I never licked a school-master, nor took care of a feller through a fever," grumbled Jim Durgin. "But I'm glad of your luck, anyway, Sim."

And Sim received a great many hearty grips of the hand, for though he was "shiftless," there was something about Sim that made everybody like him.

In spite of his firm faith that his chance was on the way, Sim seemed almost overcome by surprise. His angular frame trembled, and perspiration stood in drops upon his brow.

"I'm obleeged to ye all," he said, in a somewhat bewildered way, "but I'm kind of took by surprise, for it's come sooner'n I calkerlated. You see, it's been a little kind of hard. I wa'n't never one that stiddy days' work come nateral to, but I ain't one neither that likes to have folks think slightin' of him, and p'int their finger at him, and begrudge him a meal of victuals. So, though I ain't a-goin' to complain of nothin', it has been sometimes a little mite hard. For there ain't none of us but what's got feelin's. And now my chance comin' along so kind of onexpected, I *be* a little upsot. So I'll jest shake hands all round once more, and then I'll go home." And Sim shuffled off, while the crowd lingered, glad of an opportunity to talk over his good fortune without the embarrassment of his presence.

And as he drew near his own gate Sim saw that a group of neighbors was gathered around it. Had the news of his good fortune reached them so soon, and had they come to rejoice with him? Sim liked sympathy, but just now, until the first flush of his joy was over, he felt that he would rather be alone. But the neighbors fell into the background as he drew near, and disclosed a stranger—a worn and haggard-looking woman, who, with two little girls clinging to her skirts, leaned against the fence.

Sim looked at her, with no sign of recognition in his face. But she raised her sad and heavy eyes to his, and said, appealingly: "He's dead, and he told me to come to you. I didn't want to, and I've been tryin' for more'n a year to get along, but I fell sick, and I couldn't see my children starve. I've had a hard time, Sim. He didn't treat me very well, particularly after he took to drinking; but he had hard luck, poor fellow; everything seemed to go against him. If you'll take me and the children in, we sha'n't cost you much. I sha'n't last a great while, but I can work some; you know I used to stitch shoes."

"You can't never in this livin' world be Cynthy Jane?" said Sim, tremulously.

"Yes, I am. It's no wonder that you don't know me," said the woman, sadly. "I used to be so bloomin', and now I'm nothin' but a shadder."

"I do know you, Cynthy Jane. I know your voice and your eyes, but I kind of didn't want to believe 'twas you lookin' so pindlin'."

He smoothed back the children's hair from their foreheads and scrutinized their faces gravely. Then he marshaled the little group before him into the house.

It was a dreary and sparsely furnished little place. The emptiness and dreariness struck Sim as never before, but a vine nodded at the window, and it was cool and quiet. The woman sank down on the hard little lounge with a long sigh of relief, but the children cried out, in their pathetic little voices, that they were hungry.

Sim was filled with shame and distress. A few very dry crusts were all that his larder afforded. Dan Wingate had been fishing, and he had intended to drop in upon Dan upon some errand that would serve as an excuse at about the time when Dan's fry would be likely to be done to a turn. He had made no preparations whatever to "set his own pot a-b'ilin'" that day. He was rubbing his forehead with his bandana in direst perplexity, when, moved, as it seemed to Sim, by some direct interpotition of Providence, Mrs. Timberley, the wife of the well-to-do blacksmith who lived next door, appeared, bearing a dish of soup, from which was wafted an appetizing odor, and a loaf of bread of goodly size. And following in her wake came other neighbors bringing eatables, until Sim's table groaned under a burden such as it had never known before.

"You see we thought you might not be prepared for company, being a single man," explained Mrs. Timberley, "and, besides, we felt as if we wanted to do something to welcome Cynthy Jane back."

Sim was glad and thankful that his guests were provided with food, but every mouthful that he tried to eat seemed to choke him. He remembered that yesterday he could have eaten his neighbors' food without shame, but then Cynthy Jane was not there to see.

"It's the last meal they shall ever have by the charity of the neighbors, if steppin' round lively can fetch anything to pass," said Sim to himself.

And as soon as the dinner was eaten he went down to Sam Ellis's shop. Sam Ellis was the shoemaker, and he always had more work than he could do. He had offered Sim a great many jobs, which he had declined. When he asked, with great eagerness, for a job, Sam Ellis looked amazed.

"Why, they've been tellin' that your chance had come along, that you was goin' to Californy to make your fortune," he said.

Sim turned away his head and looked out of the window. With the beckoning finger of his chance lifted above the "stiddy days' work" which he saw stretching before him in a dreary monotony which his soul abhorred, luring him to change of scene and adventure, and to fortune which should drop into his hands like manna from heaven, as he had always dreamed it would, was it strange that for a moment Sim's spirit wavered? But he turned again to the shoemaker and straightened himself so that he stood almost erect.

"If you've got a job for me, I calkerlate I'd better tackle it right away. Folks seem to think I'm goin' to Californy sure jest because I got a letter from an old friend invitin' on me. But 'tain't every invite that comes along that's a man's chance. A man of interleck he discrimernates."

Sim and his chance and the return of Cynthy Jane were the subjects of a nine-days' wonder in Greenhollow; but Sim was disappointingly reticent, and he kept persistently at work, contrary to the prediction of everybody in the town, and was seldom to be found at his accustomed pastime of "settin' in the store."

Everybody who had ever heard of Cynthy Jane called upon her, and all pronounced her "in a decline," and wondered what would become of those poor children left to the care of "that shiftless Sim Pingree," when she was gone. He was working now, but he "couldn't become a steady working man any more than the leopard could change his spots."

But Cynthy Jane seemed to make up her mind not to go. Instead of growing worse with the fall of the leaves, as everybody had predicted, she grew better. The children were well fed and clothed, and sent to school, and Sim's humble domain began to take on an air of thriftiness and comfort. One day Sim came home with something on his mind.

"Cynthy Jane," he began, shuffling to and fro in his most excited manner, "they're a-sayin' down in the village—you know it comes kind of nateral for Greenhollow folks to talk about other folks' affairs, and they don't mean no harm by it neither—they're a-sayin' that you and I had better git married. I know I ain't fit for you, Cynthy Jane, and never was; but when a woman can git stiddy days' works out of a man that he never thought was there, why, if she would bring herself to be so accommodatin' as to have him, seems as if 'twould be the makin' of him."

"Why, Sim, I believe you've forgiven me," said Cynthy Jane, blushing as brightly as when she was young.

And the upshot of the matter was that Cynthy Jane and Sim went to see the minister.

It was about two years afterward that Sim sat in the store one evening, with about the same group that had been there when his memorable letter from California had arrived.

"Did you ever hear again from that friend of yours in Californy that was goin' to give you a chance to make your fortin, Sim?" said Jim Durgin.

"Yes. He made a pile of money, and then he lost it, and made more ag'in, and I don't know jest how 'tis with him now," said Sim, rather indifferently.

"Them minin' fellers has their ups and downs," said Uncle Zach, with the manner of one who knows all about it. "Seems as if that must 'a been your chance, Sim, seein' no other one hain't ever come along," he added.

"I don't see as Sim has anything to complain of," said Elijah Wiswell, the store-keeper. "Industrious as any man in Greenhollow, and growin' forehanded every day, ain't you, Sim? I guess 'twas Cynthy Jane comin' along in the stage that day that was Sim's chance."

"Well, there is sometimes a thing comes along that seems a man's chance and it ain't, and then ag'in there's a thing that don't seem to be and is. I've always said it took a man of interleck to tell when his chance come," said Sim, in his old oracular way.

"But this of yourn seemed to be a case of *heart* more'n interleck, eh, Sim?" said Jim Durgin.

Sim hung his head sheepishly.

"Well, now, there's that chubby-faced youngster of yourn, mebbe he'll git your chance and hisn, too. Couldn't that happen accordin' to your theory?" asked Uncle Zach, who had never ceased to puzzle over Sim's theory of chances.

"Well, now, to tell you the truth, if he gets as good a chance as I have, I won't ask any better for him," said Sim, still looking a little sheepish, but holding his head very straight.

And Sim's content was as great as it seemed, in spite of the "stiddy days' works," though once in a while he did have an attack of laziness, when they became intolerable. But then he went fishing with Dan Wingate, and brought home a great quantity of fish. And Cynthy Jane never scolded.—*Sophie M. Sweet, in Harper's Bazar.*

### What Are Clouds?

Though the clouds are such familiar objects, very little is known about them, and the processes by which they are formed and give back their moisture to the earth are unsolved mysteries.

They can not be classified as belonging to the solid, fluid, or gaseous form of matter. Yet they are defined as being "a collection of watery particles in the state of *vapor*, suspended in the air." If they are ordinary vapor, they must be governed by the laws which affect vapors. Brande defines *vapor* thus: "When liquids and certain solids are heated, they become converted into elastic fluids or vapors, which differ from gases in this respect, that they are not under common circumstances permanently elastic, but resume the liquid or solid form when cooled down to ordinary temperature." According to this definition, clouds can not be composed of *ordinary* vapor, for under all conditions their temperature must be below the condensing point of water-vapor.

At the elevation at which clouds are often seen, they are in the regions of perpetual congelation; and as they float above the highest mountains they must be exposed, even in the sunshine, and certainly in the night, when the solar heat is not poured upon them, to temperatures colder than those of the frigid zones.—*C. Morfit, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—The Bodie (Nev.) *Free Press* says: "The Piutes hereabouts have more money than the balance of the tribe in other places. The squaws put in a good deal of time washing gold, and they take out a good deal of money."

### Republican "Principles."

Hubbell's documents which were to exhibit the distinctive principles of the Republican party do not seem to be in great demand. They do not excite a tenth part of the curiosity excited by Hubbell's method of getting the money he pretends to spend in circulating them. And yet there ought to be a real thirst for information about the principles of the Republican party, such as formerly spurred on the quest for the Fountain of Youth or the Philosopher's stone, and in our day follows the wake of the sea-serpent. Their existence is so generally disbelieved that if Hubbell has any authentic proof that they exist—if he has even seen a man who has seen a man who has seen them—Republicans ought to be glad to procure copies of the evidence at the moderate rate of "fifty-five cents a hundred."

So far as anybody deprived of Hubbell's pamphlets can discover, the outfit of the Republican party consists in the party machine and the party name. If Mr. Blaine's latest deliverance is accepted as official—and Mr. Blaine, at least, is clear that when he is uttering himself the oracle is on tap—the Republican party appeals for support to the things it did a long while ago and the men, now dead, who used to belong to it. We have heard of "potato families" of which the best part was underground. Mr. Blaine presents us with a potato party. We ask for a programme and we receive a threnody. Of what the Republican party is doing and of what it means to do we hear nothing from Republican orators or Republican organs.

Meanwhile there is no mystery about either of these things. The Republican party is engaged in stealing and squandering the public money, and it means to steal and squander more. These things do not look as well in a platform as "demands" by the thieves and squanderers for rigid economy in the expenditure of public funds. When Robeson was renominated the convention which renominated him made this demand and trusts to the efficiency of the party machine and the attractive force of the party name, besides what there may be of direct bribery, to secure his re-election. We have by no means got so low that direct bribery can do anything considerable towards affecting the popular verdict when an issue is made upon which public sentiment is really aroused. And assuredly the issue which is presented by the acts of the Republican party is an issue which ought to have that result. With its leader in the House of Representatives a notorious and branded plunderer, with a record in that body which has never been approached in our history for impudent profligacy, with the present Secretary of its National Committee and its former First Assistant Postmaster-General on trial upon a charge of conspiring to swindle the Government, of which everybody believes them to be guilty, and will believe them to be guilty whether or not they escape punishment—the practical outcome of "the principles of the Republican party" is not doubtful to any voter who knows enough to read a newspaper. What is the use of talking about the need of an issue when validity of the eighth commandment is practically denied by the dominant party in the United States?—*N. Y. World.*

### Reform Despite Malign Influences.

Of course the Michigan Republicans, in their unusually and unnecessarily long platform, arraign the Democratic party with the savage ferocity which is supposed to be the ear-mark of a first-class Republican. "During its six years of supremacy in Congress," says the Michigan platform, "it showed itself incapable of a single great measure of legislative or administrative reform; neither tariff, currency, revenue, civil-service, army, Indian policy or any other great interest received improvement at its hands." This implies that after fifteen years of unbroken and unobstructed Republican rule, all these departments and bureaus of Government had fallen into such a deplorably corrupt state as to need reformation. The Michigan Republicans denounce the Democrats for not correcting abuses. But what are we to think of the party that brought about these abuses and then left them for its opponents to correct.

It is true that while the Democrats had control of Congress—it was not six years, but four—they did not effect as much in the reformation of abuses as could be wished but this is because, while the Democrats had control of Congress, the Republicans had control of the whole executive and administrative machinery. The Presidency, the Cabinet, the revenue service, the Indian Bureau, the custom-houses and the 100,000 Federal offices were still in the hands of Republicans, and what the Democrats did had to be done against the stubborn opposition of these powerful influences. Nevertheless, they accomplished something that deserves to be remembered. They overthrew the fraudulent demonetization of one-half the ancient metal money of the country and restored the silver dollar to its old and legitimate position; they stopped the extravagance that had become chronic under Grant, and cut down the appropriations $40,000,000 a year, and they assisted Mr. Hayes in introducing that feeble measure of Civil-service Reform which has been almost wholly lost under the present Republican Administration. All this was effected under formidable difficulties. The Silver bill had to be passed over a Presidential veto, and the reduction in the appropriations had to be enforced in the teeth of persistent resistance from all the leading Republicans in Congress.

What the Democrats accomplished is not a great deal, but it is something. What the Republicans accomplished in the same direction, with all the organs of Government in their hands, was nothing at all.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Mr. Wing, of Mendon, N. Y., lost a valuable horse the other day in a singular manner. A mouse gnawed a hole from the manger into the grain bin, and through it the grain rushed into the feed trough. The horse feasted through the night and died the next day.

—The Israelites of Cincinnati propose the establishment of a fund by the levy of a head-tax of one dollar upon each male of their faith over thirteen years of age, to aid their poorer brethren in settling on Government land as farmers.

### Maine.

There are two significant lessons taught by the result in Maine.

The first is of the growing power of corruption in popular elections. There can be no doubt that the revolt against Republican rule in Maine was deep and strong. This was evidenced, not alone by the victory of the opposition two years ago, nor by the Republican expressions of fear for the result at the election which has just taken place. It was shown emphatically by the "Independent" movement, so called, which was inaugurated two weeks before election, when it was too late to make such a movement effective. This movement embraced in its promoters some of the best-known Republicans in the State, men who had been foremost in the party councils and fully cognizant of the party history. The condemnation which these men visited, through their organ upon the Republican candidates, upon the measures for which the party in the State had made itself responsible, and above all on James G. Blaine, the corrupt political leader, was scathing in its severity. It was as comprehensive and as sharp as any indictment which the Democracy ever brought against Republicanism in Maine, and it had all the force of testimony from the inside from witnesses who would gladly have kept silence if they could have done so. Such an opposition as this could not but represent a wide-spread and deep-seated disaffection, which should have resulted in the defeat which the Republican leaders everywhere outside of Maine feared and which those in Maine expected until within a few days of election.

Yet within those few days, by the shrewd and lavish use of money, defeat was turned into victory. During the week preceding election thousands of dollars were sent to the State, presumably from the Hubbell corruption fund. The discontented were appeased and the corrupt purchased, and Republicanism records the result as a "triumph." So it is a triumph. But it is a triumph of corruption. It is not a pleasing reflection that the verdict of the people can be influenced by money; but the evidence that it was so influenced in Maine is too clear to be ignored. Hard as the lesson is, it must be learned.

The other lesson of the Maine election is that Blaine still lives. It has been customary of late to speak of him as politically dead—to regard him as overtaken by the retribution which he so richly deserved. It was a mistake. The Republican leaders, who have been making up slates without any Blaine on them, will have to revise their work. The man who has been instrumental in snatching Maine from the very jaws of defeat—no matter by what corrupt methods—and saving it to the Republicans, cannot be ignored in Republican councils. Mr. Blaine, of Maine, still lives, and if he continues to live he will be heard from in the Republican Convention of 1884.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### How Dorsey Saved Indiana.

Shortly after the last Presidential election a dinner party was given in New York as a sort of jollification over the success of the Republican party. Among the distinguished persons for whom plates were laid and who attended were Vice-President elect Arthur and ex-Senator Dorsey. There was drinking of bumpers and much merriment, "a feast of wit and a flow of soul." There were toasts and speech-making and the victory of "the grand old party" was discussed and glorified. The figure that stood out most prominently in that hilarious assemblage was Stephen W. Dorsey. He was the lion of the occasion. The Vice-President elect scarcely shared any part of the homage of those assembled with him. It was bestowed almost altogether upon Mr. Dorsey. He was the daring spirit who snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. He was the heroic character whose desperate deeds had saved Indiana to Garfield and Arthur. His political methods, too, were approved and applauded. He had based all his operations in Indiana on "soap," an Arthurian and Dorseyan euphemism for filthy lucre. The mention of the word set the table in a roar with laughter and applause. "Soap" had been the salvation of the Republican party; "soap," which in its common acceptation among unlettered Republicans is thought ought only to be an article of necessity among the "unwashed Democracy." From that moment "soap" became a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the minds of the assembled merry-makers. Dorsey had saved Indiana—with "soap." Oh! it was an excellent joke and a very practical one into the bargain. But the crowning glory of Dorsey in the estimation of his boon companions consisted in the fact that he had "found his own soap." His lieutenants, in the Indiana battle, Gorham and New and Dudley, had drawn upon "My Dear Hubbell's" saponifier for their supply, but Dorsey scorned such a proceeding and generously and nobly tapped his own barrel. It is sad to think that this convivial devotion to Dorsey within a few short months dissolved like a bubble blown from that other kind of soap sacred only to the unwashed. Melancholy and mournful beyond expression is the story of the heartless indifference of Arthur to the fate of his former boon companion now in the toils of justice right under the droppings of the White House. No assistance to the imperiled hero of the Indiana campaign, not even the soft soap of sympathy, is tendered by the man who reached the Presidency through the saponaceous operations so loudly applauded at the New York dinner. Dorsey must find his own soap again and his lawyers require probably as much as he used in Indiana in 1880. The jury-fixer, too, from all accounts, had to be lathered, and after all Judge Wylie blew the defense into bubbles of soap. The time may yet come when Dorsey will conclude that a public washing of Republican dirty linen will enable him to put some of his surplus stock of soap to a better use than any to which it has yet been applied. Then shall there be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the councils of the Administration, and the Republican leaders shall curse the day they ignored Dorsey and his Star-route soap.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

—Judge Weaver, of the Iowa courts, has held that a marriage, where the girl has a wooden leg and does not mention it, is null and void.